Robbie Williams - Life Thru A Lens

Tom: G	And wash them well so he can`t tell
A A Wake up on sunday morning and everything feels so boring G D Is that where it ends live your life through a lens Verse: (p.m.)	Verse: She`s looking real drab just out of rehab I`m talking football she`s talking ab fab Your clothes are very kitch just because your daddy is rich You sound so funny with your voice all plummy Now your cheque`s just bounced better run to your mummy And you know it`s a class act she`ll never ask for it back
Hair is the new hat, brown is the new black F she shouldn`t wear this he shouldn`t wear that C G A Pleasure at leisure make mine a double measure with friends	Bridge: Gbm F E Just because I ain`t double barelled don`t mean Eb D Db I haven`t travelled well, can`t you tell!
Fashion tardis down at quo vadis F who laughs the longest who drives the hardest C G D Pleasure at leisure make mine a double measure with friends	Chorus: A A Mix with the local gentry and don`t crash Tarquin`s Bentley G D I`ll take the bends with our life thru a lens
Bridge: Gbm F E Just because I ain't double barelled don't mean Eb D Db I haven't travelled well, can't you tell! Gbm F E Eb D A Oh no it's quite appaling your conversation is boring as hell, oh well!	A You're scared of the poor and needy is that why you're all inbreedy? Bm Bm E G D A They're just like you, they need love too Zw.Spiel: A G F (p.m.) Chorus:
Chorus: (A) A Wake up on Sunday morning and everything feels so boring G D Is that where it ends with your life through a lens A And now your boyfriend`s suspicious so go home and wash the dishes Bm Bm E G D A	A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A
Acordes	

